



Nosce teipsum.

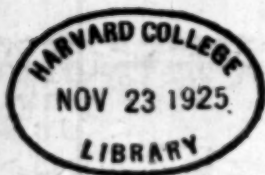
*This Oracle expounded in two
Elegies.*

1. Of Humane knowledge.
2. Of the Soule of Man, and the immortalitie thereof.



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In memory
of
Richard de Jersey Harvard
Class of 1915



TO MY MOST GRACIOVS
dread Soueraigne.

TO that cleare Maiestie, which in the North,
Doth like another Sunne in glorie rise,
VVhich standeth fixt, yet spreads her heauenly worth,
Loadstone to Hearts, and Loadstarre to all Eyes;

Like Heau'n in all; like th' Earth in this alone,
That though great States by her support do stand,
Yet she her selfe supported is of none,
But by the Finger of th' Almightyes hand;

To the diuineſt and the richeſt minde,
Both by Arts purchase, and by Natures Dower,
That euer was from Heauen to Earth confin'd,
To shew the vtmoſt of a Creatures power;

To that great Spirit, which doth great Kingdomes moue,
The ſacred Spring, whence Right and Honor ſtreames,
Diſtilling Vertue, ſhedding peace and Loue,
In euery place, as Cynthia ſheds her beames;

I offer up some sparkles of that fire,
VVhereby we reason, liue, and moue, and bee:
These sparkes by nature euermore aspire,
VVhich makes them to so high an Highnesse flee.

Faire Soule, since to the fairest bodie knit,
You giue such linely life, (such quickning power,
Such sweete celestiall influence to it,
As keeps it still in youths immortall flower,

(As where the Sunne is present all the yeare,
And neuer doth retire his golden ray,
Needes must the Spring be euerlasting there,
And euery season like the Month of May)

O many, many yeares may you remaine,
A happie Angell to this happie Land:
Long, long, may you on earth our Empreffe raigne,
Ere you in Heauen a glorious Angell stand;

Stay long (sweet Spirit) ere thou to Heauen depart,
VVhich mak'st each place a Heauen wherein thou art.

Her Maiesties leaft and
vworthiest Subiect,

John Danies.



Of humane knowledge.

WHy did my parents send me to the schooles
That I with knowledg might enrich my mind?
Since the *desire to know* first made men fooles,
And did corrupt the roote of all mankind?

For when Gods hand had written in the harts
Of the first Parents all the rules of good,
So that their skill enfusde did passe all Arts
That euer were, before, or since the Flood;

And when their reasons eye was sharpe and cleere,
And (as an Eagle can behold the Sunne,)
Could haue approacht th eternall light as neere,
As the intellectuall Angels could haue done;

Euen then to them the *Spirit of lies* suggests,
That they were blind, because they saw not Ill:
And breathes into their incorrupted breasts,
A curious *wish*, which did corrupt their *will*.

For that same Ill they straight desir'd to know:
Which Ill being nought but a defect of good,
And all Gods workes the Diuell could not show,
While Man their Lord in his perfection stood.

NOSCE TEIPSVM.

So that them selues were first to do the Ill,
Ere they thereof the knowledge could attaine;
Like him, that knew not poisons power to kill,
Vntill (by tasting it) him selfe was slaine.

Euen so by tasting of that Fruite forbid,
Where they sought *knowledge*, they did *error* find,
Ill they desir'd to know, and Ill they did;
And to giue *Passion* eyes, made *Reason* blind.

For then their minds did first in passion see,
Those wretched shapes of *Miserie* and *VVoe*,
Of *Nakednesse*, of *Shame*, of *Pouertie*,
Which then their owne experience made the know.

But then grew *Reason* darke, that *she* no more
Could the faire Formes of *God* and *Truth* discern;
Battes they became that *Eagles* were before,
And this they got by their *desire* so learne.

But we their wretched Offspring, what do we?
Do not wee still tast of the fruite forbid?
Whiles with fond, fruitelesse curiositie,
In bookes prophane we seeke for knowledge hid?

What is this *knowledge*? but the Shie-stolne fire,
For which the *Thiefe* still chaind in Ice doth sit?
And which the poore rude *Satyre* did admire,
And needs would kisse, but burnt his lips with it?

What

What is it? but the cloud of emptie Raine
Which when *Jones* Guest embrac't, he Monsters got?
Or the false *Pailes*, which oft being fild with paine,
Receiu'd the water, but retained it not?

Shortly what is it? but the fierie Coach,
Which the *Youth* fought, & fought his death withall?
Or the *Boyes* wings, which when he did approach
The *Sunnes* hote beames, did melt and let him fall?

And yet, alas, when all our Lampes are burnd,
Our Bodies wasted, and our Spirits spent;
When we haue all the learned *volumes* turnd,
VVhich yeeld mens wits both helpe and ornament;

VVhat can we know? or what can we discern?
When *Error* chokes the windowes of the mind;
The diuerse formes of things, how can we learne,
That haue bene euer from our birth-day blind?

VVhen *Reasons* lampe which (like the *Sunne* in skie)
Throughout *Mans* litle world her beams did spread;
Is now become a Sparkle, which doth lie
Vnder the Ashes, halfe extinct, and dead;

How can we hope, that through the Eye and Eare,
This dying Sparkle, in this cloudie place,
Can recollect these beames of knowledge cleare,
VVhich were enfus'd in the first minds by grace?

So might the heire, whose father liath in play;
Wasted a thousand pounds of auncient rent,
By painfull earning of one grote a day,
Hope to restore the patrimonie spent.

The wits that diu'd most deepe, and soar'd most hie,
Seeking Mans powers, haue found his weaknes such:
" Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth flie,
" We learne so litle, and forget so much.

For this the wisest of all Mortall men
Said *he knew nought, but that he nought did know*:
And the great mocking Maister mockt not then,
When he said, *Truth was buried deepe below*.

For how may we to others things attaine,
When none of vs his owne soule vnderstands?
For which the Diuell mockes our curious braine,
When *know thy selfe* his oracle commands.

For why should we the busie Soule belecue,
When boldly she concludes of that, and this;
When of her selfe she can no iudgement geue,
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she is?

All things without, which round about we see,
We seeke to know, and how therewith to do:
But that whereby we *reason, liue, and be*,
Within our selues, we strangers are thereto.

NOSCE ITEIPSVM.

We seeke to know the mouing of each spheare,
And the straunge cause of th'ebs and flouds of Nile:
But of that clocke within our breasts we beare,
The subtill motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint our selues with euery *Zoone*,
And passe both *Tropikes*, and behold the *Poles*,
When we come home, are to our selues vnknowne,
And vnacquainted still with our owne *Soules*.

We studie *Speech*, but others we perswade;
We *Leech-craft* learne, but others Cure with it;
We interpret *Lawes*, which other men haue made;
But reade not those which in our harts are writ.

It is because the minde is like the eye,
(Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees,) Whose rayes reflect not, but spread outwardly,
Not seeing it selfe, when other things it sees?

No doubtlesse, for the minde can backward cast
Vpon her selfe, her vnderstanding light;
But she is so corrupt, and so defaect,
As her owne image doth her selfe affright.

As is the fable of that Ladie faire,
Which for her lust was turnd into a Cow,
When thirstie to a streame she did repaire,
And saw her selfe transformd she wist not how,

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At first she startles, then she stands amaz'd,
At last with terror she from thence doth flie,
And loathes the watrie glasse wherein she gaz'd,
And shunnes it still, though she for thirst do die.

Euen so *Mans soule* which did Gods Image beare,
And was at first faire, good, and spotlesse pure,
Since with her *sinnes* her beauties blotted were,
Doth of all lights her owne light least endure.

For euen at first reflection she espies,
Such strange *Chymeraes*, and such Monsters there,
Such Toyes, such *Antikes*, and such Vanities,
As she retires, and shrinks for shame and feare;

And as the man loues least at home to bee,
That hath a fluttish house haunted with *Sprites*,
So she impatient her owne faults to see,
Turnes from her selfe, and in strange things delites.

For this few *know themselves*: for merchants broke
View their estate with discontent, and paine;
And *Seas* are troubled when they do reuoke
Their flowing waues, into themselves againe.

And while the face of outward things we find,
Pleasing, and faire, agreeable, and sweete;
These things transport, and carrie out the mind,
That with her selfe her selfe can neuer meete.

Yet

NOSCE TE IPSVM.

Yet if *Affliction* once her warres begin,
And thereat the feeble *Sense* with sword and fire,
The *Mind* contracts her selfe, and shrinketh in,
And to her selfe she gladly doth retire;

As *Spiders* toucht, seeke their webs inmost part;
As *Bees* in stormes vnto their hiues returne:
As Blood in danger gathers to the hart;
As Men seeke Towns when foes the Country burne.

If ought can teach vs ought, *Afflictions* lookes,
(Making vs looke into our selues so neare)
Teach ys to *know our selues*, beyond all bookes,
Or all the learned *Schooles* that euer were.

This *Mistresse* lately pluckt me by the Eare,
And many a golden lesson hath me taught;
Hath made my *Senses* quicke, and Reason cleare,
Reformd my *VVill*, and rectifide my Thought;

So do the *VVinds and Thunders* cleanse the Aire,
So working Seas settle and purge the wine;
So lopt and pruned Trees do flourish faire;
So doth the fire the drossie Gold refine.

Neither *Minerua*, nor the learned *Muse*,
Nor Rules of *Art*, nor *Precepts* of the wise,
Could in my braine those beames of skill enfuse,
As but the glaunce of this *Dames* angrie eyes.

NOSCE TEIPSVM.

She within *Liftes* my raunging minde hath brought,
That now beyond my selfe I list not go;
My selfe am *Center* of my circling thought,
Onely *my selfe* I studie, learne, and know.

I know my *Bodi's* of so fraile a kinde,
As force without, feauers within can kill;
I know the heauenly nature of my minde,
But tis corrupted both in wit and will:

I know my *Soule* hath power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all;
I know I am one of *Natures* litle kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a paine, and but a span,
I know my *Sense* is mockt with euery thing;
And to conclude, I know my selfe a *Man*,
Which is a *proud* and yet a *wretched* thing.

Of

Of the Soule of man, and the im-
mortalitie thereof.

THe lights of beaue (which are the worlds faire eyes)
Looke downe into the world, the world to see,
And as they turne, or wander in the skies,
Suruey all things, that on this Center bee.

And yet the lights which in my towre do shine,
Mine Eyes, which view all objects, nigh and farre,
Looke not into this litle world of mine,
Nor see my face, wherein they fixed are.

Since Nature failes vs in no needfull thing,
Why want I meanes, mine inward selfe to see?
Which sight, the knowledge of my self might bring,
VWhich to true wisedome is the first degree.

That Powre, which gaue me eyes the world to view,
To view my selfe, enfus'd an inward light,
VWhereby my Soule, as by a Mirror true,
Of her owne forme may take a perfect sight.

But as the sharpest eye discerneth nought,
Except the Sunne-beames in the Aire do shine,
So the best Soule, with her reflecting thought,
Sees not her selfe, without some light diuine.

O *Light* which mak'st the *Light*, which makes the *Day*,
Which seest the *Eye* without, and *Mind* within,
Lighten my spirit with one cleare heavenly ray,
Which now to view it selfe doth first begin.

For her true forme how can my Sparke discern?
Which dimme by *Nature*, *Art* did neuer cleere;
When the gerat Wits, of whom all skill we learne,
Are ignorant both *what* she is, and *where*?

One thinks the *Soule* is *Aire*, another *Fire*,
Another, *blood* defus'd about the hart;
Another saith, the *Elements* conspire,
And to her *Essence* each doth giue a part.

Musicians thinke our *Soules* are *Harmonies*;
Physitions hold, that they *Complexions* bee;
Epicures make them swarmes of *Atomies*,
Which do by change into our *Bodies* flee.

Some thinke one generall *Soule* fils euery braine,
As the bright *sunne* sheds light in euery *Starre*;
And others thinke the name of *Soule* is vaine,
And that we onely *well mixt* bodies are.

In iudgement of her *substance* thus they varie;
And thus they varie in iudgement of her *seate*:
For some her *Chaire* vp to the braine do carrie,
Some thrust it downe into the *stomakes* heate;

Some

Some place it in the Roote of life, the *Hart*;
 Some in the *Liner*, fountaine of the Vaines;
 Some say, *she is all in all, and all in part*:
 Some say, she is not containd, but all containes.

Thus these great Clerks their litle wisedome show,
 While with their Doctrines they at *Hazard* play,
 Tossing their light opinions to and fro,
 To mocke the *Lewd*, as learnd in this as they.

For no craz'd braine could euer yet propound,
 Touching the *Soule* so vaine and fond a thought,
 But some among these Maisters haue bene found,
 Which in their *Schooles* the selfe same thing haue
 (taught.

God onely wise, to punish pride of *Wit*,
 Among mens wits hath this confusion wrought,
 As the proud *Towre* whose points the clouds did hit,
 By Tongues confusion was to ruine brought.

But (*show*) which didst *Mans-soule* of nothing make,
 And when to nothing it was fallen agen,
 To make it new, the *Forme* of Man didst take,
 And *God* with *God* becam'st a *Man* with Men;

Thou, that hast fashioned twise this *Soule* of ours,
 So that she is by double title thing,
 Thou onely knowest her nature and her powers,
 Her subtile forme thou onely canst define.

To iudge her selfe, she must her selfe transcend;
 As greater Circles comprehend the lesse;
 But she wants powre, her owne powres to extend,
 As fctred Men, can not their strength expresse.

But thou bright morning Starre, thou rising *Sunne*,
 Which in these later times hast brought to light,
 Those mysteries, that since the world begun,
 Lay hid in darknesse, and eternall night;

Thou (*like the Sunne*) dost with indifferent ray
 Into the *Pallace* and the *Cottage* shine,
 And shew'st the *Soule* both, to the Clarke and lay,
 By the cleere *Lampe* of thy *Oracle* diuine.

This *Lampe* through all the Regions of my braine,
 Where my *Soule* sits, doth spread such beames of
 As now, methinks, I do distinguish plainely (grace,
 Each subtrill line of her immortall face.

What the
 Soule is.

The soule a substance, and a spirit is,
 Which *God* him selfe doth in the Bodie make;
 Which makes the *Man*, for euery Man from this
 The nature of a *Man*, and name doth take.

And though this Spirit be to the Bodie knit,
 As an apt meane her powers to exercise,
 Which are, *life, motion, sense, and will, and wit*,
 Yet she *suruiues*, although the Bodie *dies*.

She

She is a substance, and a reall thing,

- 1 Which hath it selfe an actuall working might,
- 2 Which neither from the *Senses* power doth spring,
- 3 Nor from the Bodies humors tempred right.

That the
Soule is a
thing subsi-
sting by it self
without the
Bodie.

She is a *Vine*, which doth no propping need,
To make her spread her selfe, or spring vpright;
She is a *Starre*, whose beames do not proceed
From any *Sunne*, but from a *native* light.

For when she sorts things *present* with things *past*,
And thereby things *to come* doth oft foresee;
When she doth *doubt* at first, and *choose* at last,
These acts her owne, without the Bodie, be.

I
That the
Soule hath a
proper ope-
ratiō without
the Bodie.

When of the deaw, which the *eye* and *care* do take
From flowers abroad, and bring into the braine,
She doth within both waxe and hony make,
This worke is hers, this is her proper paine.

When she from sundrie Acts, one skill doth draw,
Gathring from diuerse fights one Art of warre,
From many Cases like, one Rule of law;
These her Collections, not the *Senses* are.

When in th'effects she doth the Causes know,
And seeing the streame, thinks where the spring doth rise;
And seeing the branch, conceiues the roote below;
These things she viewes without the Bodies eyes.

When she without a *Pegasus* doth flie
 Swifter then lightnings fire from *East* to *West*,
 About the *Center* and about the *skie*,
 She travels then, although the bodie rest.

When all her works she formeth first within,
 Proportions them, and sees their perfect end,
 Ere she in act doth anie part begin:
 What instruments doth then the bodie lend?

When without hands she thus doth *Castels* build,
 Sees without eyes, and without feete doth runne,
 When she digests the *World*, yet is not filld,
 By her owne power these miracles are done.

When she defines, argues, deuides, compounds,
 Considers *vertue*, *vice*, and *generall things*,
 And marrying diuerse principles and grounds,
 Out of their match a true Conclusion brings;

These Actions in her Closet all alone,
 (Retir'd within her selfe) she doth fulfill;
 Use of her bodies Organs she hath none,
 When she doth vse the powers of Wit and Will.

Yet in the Bodies prison so she lyes,
 As through the bodies windowes she must looke,
 Her diuerse powers of *Sense* to exercise,
 By gathering Notes out of the *Worlds* great Booke.

Nor

Nor can her selfe discourse, or iudge of ought,
But what the sense Collects and home doth brings,
And yet the power of her discoursing thought,
From these Collections, is a Diuerse thing.

For though our eyes can nought but Colours see,
Yet colours giue them not their powre of sight:
So, though these fruites of Sense her obiects bee,
Yet she discernes them by her proper light.

The workman on his stuffe his skill doth show,
And yet the stuffe giues not the man his skill;
Kings their affaires do by their seruants know,
But order them by their owne royall will.

So though this cunning Mistresse and this Queene,
Doth as her instruments the *Senses* vse,
To know all things that are *felt, heard, or seene,*
Yet she her selfe doth onely *iudge and choose:*

Euen as our great wise *Empresse*, that now raignes,
By *soueraigne* title ouer sundrie lands,
Borrowes in meane affaires her *subiects* paines,
Sees by their eyes, and *writeth* by their hands;

But things of waight and consequence indeed,
Her selfe doth in her chamber them debate,
Where all her Counsellors she doth exceed
As farre in iudgement, as she doth in state.

Or as the man whom she doth now aduance,
 Vpon her gracious *mercy* seate to sit,
 Doth common things of course and circumstance,
 To the Reports of common men commit:

But when the Cause it selfe must be decreed,
 Himselfe in person in his proper Court,
 To graue and solemne hearing doth proceed,
 Of euerie prooffe, and euerie by-report:

Then like Gods Angell he pronounceth right,
 And milke and honie from his tongue do flow:
 Happie are they that still are in his sight,
 To reape the wisdome which his lips do sow:

Right so the *Soule*, which is a Ladie free,
 And doth the iustice of her *State* maintaine,
 Because the *Senses* readie seruants bee,
 Attending nigh about her Cour, the braines;

By them the formes of outward things she leames,
 For they returne into the fantasie,
 What euer each of them abroad discernes,
 And there enroll it for the mind to see,

But when she sits to iudge the good and Ill,
 And to discern betwixt the false and true,
 She is not guided by the *Senses* skill,
 But doth each thing in her owne Mirror view.

Then

Then she the *Senses* checks, which oft doe erre,
And euen against their false reports decrees;
And oft she doth condemne, what they preferre,
For with a powre, aboue the *Sense*, she sees:

Therefore no *Sense* the precious ioyes conceales,
Which in her private Contemplations bees;
For then the rauisht spirit the *Senses* leaues,
Hath her owne powers, and proper actions free.

Her harmonies are sweete, and full of skill,
When on the bodies instrument she playes;
But the proportions of the *will* and *will*,
Those sweete accords, are euen the Angels layes.

These tunes of *Reason*, are *Amphyons* lyre,
Wherewith he did the *Thebane* citie found;
These are the notes, wherewith the heauenly *Quire*
The praise of him, which spreads the heauē, doth sound

Then her *selfe being Nature* shines in this,
That she performes her noblest works alone;
“ The *work*: the Touchstone of the *nature* is,
“ And by their operations things are knowne.

Are they not *senslesse* then, that thinketh the soule
Nought but a fine perfection of the *Sense*,
Or of the formes which *fancie* doth enrolle,
A quicke resulting and a consequence?

D

2

That the
soule is more
then a perfe-
ction or re-
flection of
the sense.

What is it then, that doth the *Sense* accuse,
Both of false iudgements, and fond appetites?
Which makes vs do what *Sense* doth most refuse?
Which oft in torment of the *Sense* delights?

Sense thinks the *Planets spheres* not much a sunder:
What tells vs then their distance is so farre?
Sense thinks the lightning borne before the thunder:
What tells vs then they both together are?

When Men seeme *Crowes* farre off vpon a Towre,
Sense saith, th'are crows, what makes vs think th'ome?
When we in *Agues* thinke all sweete things sowre,
What makes vs know our tongs false iudgement th'ome?

What powre was that, whereby *Medea* saw,
And well approu'd, and prais'd, the better course,
When her rebellious *Sense*, did so withdraw
Her feeble powres, as she pursu'd the worse?

Did *Sense* perswade *Ulysses*, not to heare
The Mermaids songs, which so his men did please,
As they were all perswaded through the eare,
To quie the ship, and leape into the seas?

Could any powre of *Sense* the *Romane* moue,
To burne his owne right hand, with courage stout?
Could *Sense* make *Marinus* sit vnbound, and proue
The cruell launcing of the knottie gout?

Doubtlesse

Doublelesse in *Man* there is a *nature* found,
 Beside the *Senses*, and aboute them farre;
 " Though most mē being in sensuall pleasures drownd,
 " It seemes their *Soules* but in the *Senses* are.

If we had nought but *Sense*, then onely they
 Should haue found mindes, which haue their *senses* found;
 But *wisedome* growes, when *senses* do decay,
 And *folly* most in quickest *sense* is found.

If we had nought but *senses*, each living wight,
 Which we call *brute*, would be more sharpe the wee;
 As hauing *Senses apprehensue might*,
 In a more cleere, and excellent degree.

But they do want that *quicke discoursing power*,
 Which doth in vs the erring *sense* correct;
 Therefore the *Bee* did sucke the painted flower,
 And *birds* of grapes the cunning shadow peckt.

Sense outsidēs knowes, the *Soule* through all things sees,
Sense Circumstance; she doth the *substance* view;
Sense sees the barke, but she the life of trees;
Sense heares the sounds, but she the *Concoct*s true.

But why do I the *Soule* and *Sense* deuider?
 When *Sense* is but a powre, which she extends,
 Which being in diuerse parts diuerfied,
 The diuerse formes of object apprehends?

This power spreads outward, but the roote doth grow
 In th'inward *Soule*, which onely doth perceiue;
 For th'*eyes* and *eares* no more their obiekt know,
 Then glasses know what faces they receiue.

For if we chaunce to fixe our thoughts elsewhere,
 Although our eyes be ope, we do not see,
 And if one power did not both see and heare,
 Our sights and sounds would alwayes double bee,

Then is the *Soule* a nature, which containes
 The powre of *Sense*, within a greater powre;
 Which doth employ and vse the *Senses* paines,
 But sits and rules within her priuate bowre.

3

That the
 soule is more
 then the tē-
 perature of
 the humours
 of the bodie.

If she doth then the subtile *Sense* excell,
 How grosse are they that drowne her in the blood?
 Or in the bodies humours tempred well,
 As if in them such high perfection stood?

As if most skill in that *Musitian* were,
 Which had the best, and best run'd instrument;
 As if the Penfill neate, and Colours cleere,
 Had powre to make the Painter excellent.

Why doth not Beautie then refine the wit?
 And good Complexion rectifie the will?
 Why doth not Health bring wisdom still with it?
 Why doth not Sicknesse make men brutish still?

Who

NOSCE TEIPSVM

Who can in *Memorie*, or *wit* or *will*,
Or *aire*, or *fire*, or *earth*, or *water* find;
What Alchimist can draw with all his skill,
The *Quintessence* of these out of the mind?

If th' *Elements* which haue nor *life*, nor *sense*,
Can breed in vs so great a powre as this,
Why giue they not them selues like excellence,
Or other things wherein their mixture is?

If she were but the bodies qualitie,
Then would she be, with it *sicke*, *maimed* and *blind*,
But we perceiue, where these priuations bee,
A *healthie*, *perfect*, and *sharpe-sighted* mind.

If she the bodies nature did partake,
Her strength would with the bodies strength decay,
But when the bodies strongest sinewes flake,
Then is the *Soule* most actiue, quicke, and gay.

If she were but the bodies accident,
And her sole *being* did in it subsist,
As *white in snow*, she might her selfe absent,
And in the bodies Substance not be mist.

But *it* on *her*, not *she* on *it* depends;
For *she* the body doth sustaine and cherish,
Such secret powers of life to it she lends,
That when they faile, then doth the bodie perish,

Since then the *Soule* workes by her selfe alone,
Springs not from sense, nor *humours well agreeing*,
 Her nature is peculiar, and her owne,
 She is a *substance*, and a *perfect being*.

That the
 soule is a
 spirit.

But though this substance be the roote of *Sense*,
Sense knowes her not, which doth but *bodies* know;
 She is a *spirit*, and a heavenly *Influence*,
 Which from the fountaine of Gods spirit doth flow.

She is a spirit, yet not like *aire*, or *wind*,
 Nor like the *spirits* about the *heart* or *braine*,
 Nor like those spirits which *Alchimists* do find,
 When they in euery thing seeke gold in *vaine*.

For she all *natures* vnder heauen doth passe;
 Being like those spirits, which Gods bright face do
 Or like *himself*, whose *image* once she was, (see,
 Though now (alas) she scarce his *shadow* bee.

Yet of the *formes* she holds the first degree,
 That are to grosse materiall bodies knit;
 Yet she her selfe is *bodiless* and free,
 And though confin'd, is almost infinit.

That it can
 not be a bo-
 die.

Were she a *bodie*, how could she remaine
 Within this bodie, which is lesse then she?
 Or how could she the worlds great shape containe,
 And in our narrow breasts contained be?

43
All *bodies* are confin'd within some place;
But *she* all place within her selfe confines;
All *bodies* haue their measure, and their space,
But who can draw the *Soules* dimensiuue lines?

No *bodie* can at once two formes admit,
Except the one the other do deface;
But in the *Soule* ten thousand formes do sit,
And none intrudes into her neighbours place.

All *bodies* are with other bodies fill'd;
But she receiues both heauen and earth together,
Nor are their formes by rash incounter spild,
For there they stand, and neither toucheth ether.

Nor can her wide Embracements filled bee;
For they that most, and greatest things embrace,
Enlarge thereby their minds Capacitie,
As streames enlarg'd, enlarge the Channels space.

All things receiv'd, do such proportion take,
As those things haue wherein they are receiv'd:
So litle glasses litle faces make,
And narrow webs on narrow frames be weau'd;

Then what vast bodie must we make the *mind*?
Wherein are men, beasts, trees, towns, seas, & lands,
And yet each thing a proper place doth find,
And each thing in the true proportion stands?

Doubtlesse this could not be, but that she turnes
 Bodies to spirits by *sublimation* strange;
 As fire conuerts to fire the things it burnes,
 As we our meates into our nature change.

From their grosse *matter* she abstracts the *formes*,
 And drawes a kind of *Quintessence* from things,
 Which to her proper nature she transformes,
 To beare them light on her celestiaall wings;

This doth she, when from things *particular*,
 She doth abstract the *uniuersall kinds*,
 Which bodilesse, and immateriaall are,
 And can be lodg'd but onely in our minds;

And thus from diuerse *accidents* and *acts*,
 Which do within her obseruation fall,
 She goddesses, and powres diuine abstracts,
 As *Nature*, *fortune*, and the *vertues* all.

Againe, how can she feuerall *bodies* know,
 If in her selfe a *bodies* forme she beare?
 How can a Mirror fundrie faces show,
 If from all shapes and formes it be not cleare?

Nor could we by our eyes all colours learne,
 Except oureyes were of all colours voide;
 Nor fundrie tastes can any tongue discern,
 Which is with grosse, and bitter humours cloide.

Nor

Nor may a man of *passions* iudge aright,
 Except his mind be from all *passions* free;
 Nor can a *Judge* his office well acquite,
 If he posselt of either partie bee.

If lastly this quicke powre a bodie were,
 Were it as swift as is the *wind*, or *fire*,
 (Whose *Atomies* do th'one downe side-wayes beare,
 And make the other in *Pyramids* aspire.)

Her nimble bodie yet in *time* must moue,
 And not in *instants* through all places slide;
 But she is nigh, and farre, beneath, aboue,
 In point of *time*, which thought can not deuide.

Sh'is sent as soone to *China*, as to *Spaine*,
 And thence returnes, as soone as she is sent;
 She measures with one *time*, and with one *paine*,
 An ell of *Silke*, and heauens wide-spreading *Tent*;

As then the *Soule* a substance hath alone,
 Besides the bodie; in which she is confin'd;
 So hath she not a *bodie* of her owne,
 But is a *spirit*, and *immateriall mind*.

Since *body* and *soule* haue such diuersities,
 Well might we muse, how first their match began;
 But that we learne, that *he* that spread the *skies*,
 And fixt the *earth*, first formd the *Soule* in man.

That the
Soule is crea-
 ted immediat-
 ly by God.
 Zach. 12. 1.

This true *Prometheus* first made man of earth,
 And shed in him a beame of heauenly Fire;
 Now in their mothers wombes before their birth,
 Doth in all sonnes of men their *Soules* inspire.

And as *Minerua* is in fables said,
 From *Ioue* without a mother to proceed;
 So our true *Ioue* without a mothers aide,
 Doth daily millions of *Mineruaes* breed.

Erronious o-
 pinions of the
 creation of
 foules,

Then neither from eternitie before,
 Nor from the time, when *Times* first point begun,
 Made he all *Soules*, which now he keepes in store,
 Some in the Moone, and others in the Sunne;

Nor in a *secret cloister* doth he keepe
 These virgin spirits, vntill their marriage day;
 Nor locks them vp in Chambers, where they sleepe,
 Till they awake, within these beds of Clay;

Nor did he first a certaine number make,
 Infusing part in *beasts*, and part in *men*,
 And as vnwilling farther paines to take,
 Would make no more, then those he framed then;

So that the widow *Soule*, her *body* dying,
 Vnto the next borne *body* married was,
 And so by often chaunging, and supplying,
 Mens *soules* to *beasts*, and *beasts* to men did passe.

(These

(These thoughts are fond: for since the bodies borne
Be more in number farre, then those that die,
Thousands must be abortiue, and forlorne,
Ere others deaths to them their *soules* supply.)

But as Gods *hand may de Nature* doth create
Bodies, in time distinct, and order due;
So God giues *soules* the like successiue date,
Which *him selfe* makes, in bodies formed new.

Which *him selfe* makes, of no materiall thing;
For vnto Angels he no power hath giuen,
Either to forme the shape, or stuffe to bring,
From *aire*, or *fire*, or *substance of the heauen*.

Nor he in this doth *Natures* seruice vse;
For though from bodies she can bodies bring,
Yet could she neuer *soules* from *soules* *traduce*,
As fire from fire, or light from light doth spring.

That the
Soule is not
traduced frō
the parents.

Alas, that some that were great lights of old,
And in their hands the *lampe* of God did beare,
Some reuerend Fathers did this error hold,
Hauing their eyes dim'd with religious feare!

For when (say they) by rule of faith we find,
That euerie *soule* vnto her *body* knit,
Brings from the mothers wombe, the *sinne of kind*,
The roote of all the ill she doth commit;

How can we say, that God the *Soule* doth make,
But we must make him author of her sinne?
Then from mans soule she doth beginning take,
Since in mans soule Corruption did begin.

For if God make her, first he makes her ill,
(Which God forbid our thoughts should yeeld vnto)
Or makes the bodie her faire forme to spill,
Which of it selfe it had no powre to do.

Not *Adams bodie*, but his *soule* did sinne,
And so her selfe vnto corruption brought;
But our poore *Soule* corrupted is within,
Ere she hath sinn'd, either in act, or thought;

And yet we see in her such powres diuine,
As we could gladly thinke, *from God she came*;
Faine would we make him author of the wine,
If for the dregs we could some other blame.

The answer
to the obie-
ction.

Thus these good men, with holy zeale were blind;
When on the other part the truth did shine,
Whereof we do cleere demonstrations find,
By light of *nature*, and by light *diuine*.

None are so grosse, as to contend for this,
That *soules* from *bodies* may traduced bee;
Betweene whose *natures* no proportion is,
When roote and branch in nature still agree.

But

But many subtile wits haue iustifi'd,
 That *Soules* from *Soules* spiritually may spring;
 Which (if the nature of the *Soule* be try'd)
 Will euen in nature proue as grosse a thing.

For all things made, are either made of nought,
 Or made of stuffe that ready made doth stand;
 Of nought no creature euer formed ought,
 For that is proper to th'Almighties hand.

Reasons
 drawne from
 nature.

If then the *Soule* another *Soule* do make,
 Because her power is kept within a bound,
 She must some former stuffe or *matter* take,
 But in the *Soule* there is no *matter* found.

Then if her heauenly Forme do not agree
 With any *matter*, which the world containes,
 Then she of nothing must created bee,
 And to *create*, to God alone pertaines.

Againe, if *soules* do other *soules* beget,
 Tis by themselves, or by the bodies powres;
 If by themselves, what doth their working let,
 But they might *soules* engender euery houre?

If by the bodie, how can *wit* and *will*
 Ioyne with the bodie onely in this act?
 Since when they do their other works fulfill,
 They from the body do themselves *abstract*?

Againe, if *Soules* of *Soules* begotten were,
 Into each other they should change, and moue;
 And *change* and *motion* still *corruption* beare;
 How shall we then the *Soule* immortall proue?

If lastly *Soules* did generation vse,
 Then should they spread incorruptible seed;
 What then becomes of that which they do loose,
 When th'acts of generation do not speed?

And though the *Soule* could cast spirituall seed,
 Yet *would* she not, because she *neuer* dies;
 For mortall things desire their *like* to breed,
 That so they may their kind immortalize.

Therefore the Angels, sonnes of God are nam'd,
 And marrie not, nor are in mariage giuen,
 Their spirits and ours are of one *substance* fram'd,
 And haue one Father, euen the *Lord of heauen*;

Who would at first, that in each other thing,
 The *earth*, and *water* liuing *soules* should breed;
 But that *Mans soule*, whom he wold make their king,
 Should from him selfe immediatly proceed.

And when he tooke the *woman* from *mans* side,
 Doubtlesse himselfe inspir'd her *soule* alone:
 For tis not sayd, he did *mans soule* deuide,
 But tooke *flesh of his flesh*, *bone of his bone*.

Lastly

Lastly God, being made Man for Mans owne sake,
 And being like Man in all, except in Sinne,
 His Bodie from the *Virgins* wombe did take,
 But all agree, *God form'd his soule within.*

Then is the *Soule* from God; so *Pagans* say,
 Which saw by natures light, her heavenly kind,
 Naming her *kin to God*, and *Gods bright ray*,
 A Citizen of heaven, to earth confin'd.

But now I feele, they plucke me by the eare,
 Why my young *Muse* so boldly termed blind,
 And craue more heauely light, that cloud to cleare,
 Which makes them thinke, God doth not make the
 (mind,

God doubtlesse makes her, and doth make her good,
 And graffes her in the bodie, there to spring,
 Which though it be corrupted, flesh and blood
 Can no way to the *Soule* corruption bring;

Reasons
 drawne from
 diuinitie,

And yet this *Soule* (made good by God at first,
 And not corrupted by the Bodies ill)
 Euen in the Wombe is sinfull, and accurst,
 Ere she can Iudge by wit, or choose by will.

Yet is not God the Author of her Sinne,
 Though Author of her *being*, and *being there*,
 And if we dare to iudge our *Iudge* herein,
 He can condemne vs, and himselfe can cleere.

First God from infinite eternitie

Decreed, what hath bene, is, or shall be done,
And was resolu'd, that every Man should bee,
And in his turne, his race of life should runne.

And so did purpose all the *Soule*s to make,
That ever *have bene* made, or *ever shall*,
And that their *being* they should onely take,
In humane bodies, or not *be* at all.

Was it then fit, that such a weake euent,
— (*W*eakenesse it *selfe*, the sinne and fall of Man)
His Counsels execution should preuent,
Decreed and fixt before the world began?

Or that one *penall law* by *Adam* broke,
Should make God breake his owne *eternall law*,
The settled order of the world reuoke,
And change all formes of things, which he foresaw?

Could *Eues* weake hand, extended to the tree,
In sunder rent that *Adamantine chaine*,
Whose golden *linkes effects* and *causes* bee,
And which to Gods owne chaire doth fixt remaine.

O, could we see, how cause from cause doth spring!
How mutually they linckt and folded are!
And heare how oft one disagreeing string,
The harmonie doth rather make, then marre!

And

And view at once how *death* by *sinne* is brought,
 And how from *death* a better *life* doth rise,
 How this Gods *justice*, and his *mercy* thought,
 We this decree would praise, as right and wise.

But we that measure times by first and last,
 The sight of things successiue do take,
 When God on all at once his view doth cast,
 And of all times, doth but one *instant* make.

All in *him selfe* as in a *glasse* he sees,
 For from *him*, by *him*, through *him*, all things bee,
 His sight is not discoursiue by degrees,
 But seeing the whole, each single part doth see.

He lookes on *Adam*, as a *roote*, or *well*,
 And on his heires, as *branches*, and as *streames*,
 He sees all men as *one* man, though they dwell
 In sundrie Cities, and in sundrie Realmes;

And as the *roote* and *branch* are but one *tree*,
 And *well* and *streame*, do but one *river* make,
 So, if the *roote*, and *well* corrupted bee,
 The *streame* and *branch* the same corruption takes;

So when the roote and fountaine of mankind,
 Did draw corruption, and Gods curse by sinne;
 This was a charge, that all his heires did bind,
 And all his of-spring grew corrupt therein.

And as when th'hand doth strike, the Man offends,
 (For *part from whole, law seuers not in this;*)
 So *Adams* sinne to the whole kind extends,
 For all their Natures are but part of his.

Therefore this *sinne of kind*, not personall,
 But reall, and hereditarie was,
 The guilt whereof, and punishment to all,
 By course of Nature, and of Law doth passe.

For as that Easie law was given to all,
 To aunccestor, and heire, to first, and last,
 So was the first transgression generall,
 And all did plucke the fruite, and all did tast.

Of this we find some footsteps in our Law,
 Which doth her Roote from God and Nature take,
 Ten thousand Men she doth together draw,
 And of them All, one Corporation make;

Yet these and their Successors are but one,
 And if they gaine, or loose their liberties,
 They harme or profite not themselves alone,
 But such as in succeeding time shall rise.

And so the Auncestor, and all his heires,
 Though they in numbet passe the starres of heauen,
 Are still but one; his *forfeitures* are theirs,
 And vnto them are his *advancements* given.

His

His Ciuill acts do bind and barre them all;
 And as from *Adam* all corruption take,
 So if the Fathers crime be *capitall*,
 In all the *blood*, law doth *corruption* make.

Is it then iust with vs, to disinherit
 The vnborne Nephewes, for the Fathers fault?
 And to aduaunce againe for one mans merit,
 A thousand heires that haue deserued nought?

And is not Gods decree as iust as ours,
 If he for *Adams* sinne his sonnes depriue,
 Of all those natiue vertues, and those powres,
 Which he to him and to his race did giue?

For what is this contagious sinne of kind,
 But a priuation of that grace within?
 And of that great rich dowrie of the mind,
 Which all had had, but for the first mans sinne?

If then a man on light conditions gaine
 A great estate, to him and his for euer,
 If wilfully he forfeit it againe,
 Who doth bemone his heire? or blame the giuer?

So though God make the *Soule* good, rich, and faire,
 Yet when her forme is to the body knit,
 Which makes the Man, which Man is *Adams* heire,
 Iustly forthwith he takes his grace from it.

And then the *Soule*, being first from nothing brought,
 When Gods grace failes her, doth to nothing fall;
 And this *declining proneſſe vnto nought*,
 Is euen that sinne that we are borne withall.

Yet not alone the first good qualities,
 Which in the first *Soule* were, depriued are,
 But in their place the contrary do rise,
 And reall spots of sinne her beautie marre.

Nor is it strange, that *Adams* ill defart,
 Should be transferd vnto his guiltie Race,
 When *Christ* his grace and iustice doth impart
 To men vniust, and such as haue no grace.

Lastly, the *Soule* were better so to bee
 Borne slaue to sinne, then not to be at all,
 Since (if she do beleeue) one sets her free,
 That makes her mount the higher from her fall.

Yet this the curious wits will not content;
 They yet will know, (since God foresaw this ill)
 Why his high prouidence did not preuent,
 The declination of the first mans will.

If by his word he had the current stayd,
 Of *Adams* will, which was by nature free;
 It had bene one, as if his word had sayd,
 I will henceforth, that *Man no man shall bee*,

For

For what is Man without a mouing mind,
Which hath a iudging *wit*, and choosung *will*?
Now, if Gods power should her election bind,
Her motions then would cease, and stand all still.

And why did God in man this *Soule* infuse,
But that he should his maker *know*, and *loue*?
Now if *loue* be compeld, and cannot chuse,
How can it gratefull, or thank-worthie proue?

Loue must free hearted bee, and voluntarie,
And not enchanted, or by Fate constraind;
Not like that loue, which did *Vlisses* carie
To *Circes* Ile, with mightie charmes enchaind.

Besides, were we vnchangeable in *will*,
And of a *wit* that nothing could misdeeme;
Equall to God, whose wisdom shined still,
And neuer erres, we might our selues esteeme.

So that if man would be vnuariable,
He must be God, or like a Rocke, or Tree;
For euen the perfect Angels were not stable,
But had a fall, more desperate then wee.

Then let vs praise that Power, which makes vs bee
Men as we are, and rest contented so;
And knowing mans fall was Curiositie,
Admire Gods counsels, which we cannot know.

And let vs know that God the maker is
Of all the *Soules*, in all the men that bee,
Yet their Corruption is no fault of his,
But the first Mans, that broke Gods first decree.

Why the
soule is vni-
ted to the
body.

This substance and this *spirit* of Gods owne making,
Is in the bodie plac't, and planted here,
That both of God, and of the world partaking,
Of all that is, man might the image beare.

God first made Angels bodilesse pure minds,
Then other things, which mindlesse bodies bee;
Last he made Man th' *Horizon* twixt both kinds,
In whom we do the worlds abridgement see.

Besides, this world below did need *one might*,
Which might thereof distinguish euery part,
Make vse thereof, and take therein delight,
And order things with industrie, and Art.

Which also God might in his works admire,
And here beneath, yeeld him both prayer and praise,
As there, aboue, the holy Angels Quire
Doth spread his glorie, with spirituall layes.

Lastly, the brute vnreasonable wights,
Did want a *visible king* on them to raigne;
And God himselfe thus to the world vnites,
That so the world might endlesse blisse obtaine.

But

But how shall we this *union* well expresse?
 Nought tyes the *Soule*, her subtiltie is such;
 She moues the bodie, which she doth possesse,
 Yet no part toucheth, but by *vertues* touch.

In what ma-
 ner the soule
 is vnited to
 the body.

Then dwels she not therein as in a tent,
 Nor as a Pilot in his Ship doth sit;
 Nor as a Spider in her Vweb is pent;
 Nor as the Waxe retaines the print in it;

Nor as a Vessell water doth containe;
 Nor as one Liquor in another shed;
 Nor as the heate doth in the fire remaine,
 Nor as a voice throughout the aire is spred.

But as the faire, and cheerefull *morning light*;
 Doth here and there her siluer beames impart,
 And in an instant doth her selfe vnite
 To the transparent Aire, in all and part;

Still resting whole, when blowes the Aire deuide;
 Abiding pure, when th' Aire is most corrupted;
 Throughout the Aire her beames disperfing wide,
 And, when the Aire is tost, not interrupted;

So doth the piercing *Soule* the bodie fill,
 Being all in all, and all in part diffus'd,
 Indiuifible, vncorruptible still,
 Not forc't, encountred, troubled, or confus'd.

And as the *Sunne* about the light doth bring,
 Though we behold it in the Aire below;
 So from th'eternall light the *Soule* doth spring,
 Though in the Bodie she her powers do show.

Howe the
 Soule doth
 exercise her
 powers in
 the body.

But as this worlds *Sunne* doth effects beger,
 Diuerse, in diuerse places euery day;
 Here *Autumnes* temperature, there *Summers* heate,
 Here flowrie *Spring-tide*, and there *Winter* gray;

Here *Euē*, there *Morn*, here *Noon*, there *Day*, there night,
 Melts wax, dries clay, makes floures some quick some
 Makes the *More* black, & th'*European* white, (dead;
 Th'*American* tawnie, and th'*East Indian* red:

So in our litle world this *Soule* of ours,
 Being onely one, and to one bodie tyed,
 Doth vse on diuerse obiects diuerse powers,
 And so are her effects diuerfified.

The vegeta-
 tiue or quic-
 kening po-
 wer.

Her quickning power in euery liuing part,
 Doth as a Nurse, or as a Mother serue,
 And doth employ her *economicke* Art,
 And busie care, her household to preserue.

Here she *attracts*, and there she doth *retaine*,
 There she *decocts*, and doth the food prepare;
 There she *distributes* it to euery vaine,
 There she *expels* what she may fitly spare.

This

This power to *Martha* may compared bee,
Which busie was, the *household things* to do;
Or to a *Dryas* living in a Tree;
For euen to Trees this power is proper too.

And though the *Soule* may not this power extend
Out of the Body, but still vie in there,
She hath a power, which she abroad doth send,
Which viewes and searcheth all things euery where.

This power is *Sense*, which from abroad doth bring
The colour, *tast*, and *touch*, and *sent*, and *sound*,
The *quantitie*, and *shape* of euery thing,
Within th'earth's Center, or heauens Circle found.

The power
of Sense.

This Power in parts made fit, fit objects takes,
Yet not the things, but *Formes* of things receiues;
As when a Seale in Waxe impression makes,
The print therein, but not it selfe, it leaues.

And though things sensible be numberlesse,
But onely five the *Senses* Organs bee;
And in those five All things their *Formes* expresse,
Which we can *touch*, *tast*, *see*, or *heare*, or *fee*.

These are the windows, through the which she viewes
The *light of knowledge*, which is lifes load-starre;
And yet whiles she these spectacles doth vie,
Of worldly things seeme greater then they are.

NOSCE TE IPSVM

Sight.

First the two *Eyes*, which haue the *Seeing* power,
Stand as one watchman, Spie, or Sentinell,
Being plac'd aloft within the Heads high Tower,
And though both see, yet both but one thing tell,

These Mirrors take into their litle space,
The formes of *Moon* and *Sunne*, and euery *Starre*,
Of euery Bodie, and of euery place,
Which with the worlds wide Armes embraced are.

Yet their best object, and their noblest vse,
Hereafter in another world will bee,
When God in them shall heavenly light infuse,
That face to face they may their *Maker* see.

Here are they guides, which do the Bodie leade;
Which else would stumble in eternall night;
Here in this world they do much knowledge *reade*,
And are the Casements which admit most light:

They are her farthest reaching Instrument,
Yet they no beames vnto their Objects send,
But all the rayes are from their Objects sent,
And in the *Eyes* with pointed Angles end.

If th'objects be farre off, the rayes do meete
In a sharpe point, and so things seeme but small;
If they be neere, their rayes do spread and fleete,
And make broade points, that things seeme great
(withall,

Lastly, Nine things to *Sight* required are,
 The power to see, the *light* the *visible* thing,
 Being not too *small*, too *thinne*, too *high*, too *farre*,
Cleere space, and *time* the forme distinct to bring.

Thus see wee how the *Soule* doth vse the *Eyes*,
 As Instruments of her quicke power of sight,
 Hence do th' Arts *Opticke*, and faire *painting* rise,
Painting which doth all gentle minds delight.

Now let vs heare how the *Eares* employes, Hearing.
 Their office is the troubled Aire to take,
 Which in their Mazes formes a sound or noise,
 Whereof her selfe doth true distinction make.

These wickets of the *Soule* are plac'd on hie,
 Because all sounds do lightly mount aloft;
 And that they may not pierce too violently,
 They are delayed with turnes and windings oft.

For should the voice directly strike the braine,
 It would astonish and confuse it much;
 Therefore these plaits and folds the sound *restraine*,
 That it the Organ may more gently touch.

As *Streames*, which with their winding banks do play,
 Stopt by their Creeks, run softly through the plaine;
 So in the Eares labrinth the voyce doth stray,
 And doth with easie motion touch the braine.

It is the slowest, yet the daintiest *Sense*,
For even the *Deaf* of such as haue no skill,
Perceiue a discord, and conceiue Offence,
And knowing not what is good, yet find the ill.

And though this *Sense* first gentle *Musicke* sound,
Her proper object is the *speech of men*,
But that *speech* chiefly, which Gods herraids sound,
When their Tongs utter, what his Spirit did pen.

Our *Eyes* haue lids, our *Eares* still open we see,
Quickly to heare, how euery tale is proued;
Our *Eyes* still moue, our *Eares* vnmoued bee,
That though we heare quicke, we be not quickly mo-
(ued.

Thus by the Organs of the *Eye* and *Eare*,
The *Soule* with knowledge doth her selfe endow;
Thus she her prison may with pleasure beare,
Hauing such prospects All the world to view.

These Conduit pipes of knowledge, feed the mind,
But th'other three attend the Bodie still;
For by their seruices the *Soule* doth find,
What things are to the Bodie good, or ill.

Taste.

The *Soule* life with meates and Aire it fed,
Therefore the *Soule* doth vse the *Tasting* power,
In Veines, which through the Tong & Palate spred,
Distinguish euery relish, sweete, and lowe.

This

NOSCE TRIBSYM.

This is the Bodies *Nurse*; but since mans wit
 Found th'art of *Cookerie*, to delight his *Sense*,
 More bodies are consum'd and kild with it,
 Then with the sword, famine, or pestilence.

Next in the Nostrils she doth vse the *smell*,
 As God the *breath* of life in them did giue,
 So makes he now his power in them to dwell,
 To iudge all Aires, wherby we *breath* and *live*.

Smelling.

This *Sense* is also mistresse of an Art,
 Which to soft people sweete perfumes doth sell:
 Though this deare Art doth litle good impart,
 " Since they smell best, that do of nothing smell.

And yet good *sents* do purifie the braine,
 Awake the Fancie, and the Wits refine;
 Hence old *Devotion*, *Incense* did ordaine,
 To make mens spirits moreapt for thoughts diuine.

Lastly the *Feeling* power, which is Lifes roote,
 Through every living part it selfe doth shed,
 By *sinewes*, which extend from head to foote,
 And like a Net all ore the bodie spread.

Feeling.

Much like a subrill Spider, which doth sit
 In middle of her Web, which spreadeth wide,
 If ought do touch the yrmost threed of it,
 She fees it instantly on euery side.

NOSCE TEIPSVM.

By *touch* the first pure qualities we learne,
Which quicken all things *hote, cold, moist, and drie,*
By *touch, hard, soft, rough, smooth,* we do discern;
By *touch, sweete pleasure, and sharpe paine* we trie.

These are the outward Instruments of *Sense*;
These are the *Guards*, which every thing must passe,
Ere it approach the minds intelligence,
Or touch the *Phantasie, wits looking glasse.*

The Imagi-
nation or com-
mon Sense.

And yet these Porters which all things admit,
Them selues perceiue not, nor discern the things:
One *Common* power doth in the forehead sit,
Which all their proper formes together brings.

For all those *Nerves*, which *spirits of Sense* do beare,
And to those outward Organs spreading go,
Vnited are as in a Center there,
And there this power those sundry forms doth know.

Those outward Organs present things receiue,
This inward *Sense* doth absent things retaine;
Yet straight transmits all formes she doth perceiue,
Vnto a higher region of the *braine.*

The Phantasie

Where *Phantasie*, neare handmaid to the mind,
Sits, and beholds, and doth discern them all;
Compounds in one, things diuerse in their kind;
Compares the blacke and white, the great & small.

Besides

Besides those single formes, she doth esteeme,
 And in her Ballance doth their values trie,
 Where some things good, & som things ill do seeme,
 And neutrall some in her *phantasticke* eye.

This busie power is working day and night,
 For when the outward *Senses* rest do take,
 A thousand Dreames phantasticall and light,
 With fluttering wings do keepe her still awake.

Yet alwayes all may not afore her bee;
 Successiue she this, and that intends;
 Therefore such formes as she doth cease to see,
 To *Memories* large volume she commends.

The sensa-
 tive memory

This *Lidger Booke* lyes in the braine behind,
 Like *Ianus* eye, which in his poll was set;
 The *Lay-mans Tables*, *Storehouse of the mind*,
 Which doth remember much, and much forget.

Here *Senses* *Apprehension* end doth take,
 As when a Stone is into water cast,
 One Circle doth another Circle make,
 Till the last circle touch the banke at last.

But though the *apprehensie* power do pawse,
 The *Motie* vertue then begins to moue,
 Which in the heart below doth *passions* cause,
Ioy, grieffe, and feare, and hope, and hate, and love,

The passions
 of Sense.

These passions haue a free Commaunding might,
 And diuerse Actions in our life do breed;
 For all Acts done without true reasons light,
 Do from the passion of the *Sense* proceed.

But sith the *Braine* doth lodge these powers of *Sense*,
 How makes it in the heart those passions spring?
 The mutuall loue, the kind intelligence
 Twixt heart and braine, this *sympathy* doth bring.

From the kind heate, which in the heart doth raigne,
 The *spirits* of life do their beginning take;
 These *spirits* of life ascending to the braine,
 When they come there, the *spirits* of *Sense* do make.

These *spirits* of *Sense* in Phantasies high Court,
 Iudge of the formes of *Objects* ill or well;
 And so they send a good or ill report,
 Downe to the heart, where all Affections dwell.

If the report be *good*, it causeth *loue*,
 And longing *hope*, and well assured *ioy*:
 If it be *ill*, then doth it *hatred* moue,
 And trembling *feare*, and vexing *griefes* annoy.

Yet were these naturall affections good;
 (For they which want them *blocks* or *dinels* be)
 If *reason* in her first perfection stood,
 That she might *Natures* passions rectifie.

Besides,

Besides, an other *Motive* power doth rise,
 Out of the hart: from whose pure blood do spring,
 The *vitall Spirits*, which borne in *Arteries*,
 Continuall motion to all parts do bring.

The motion
 of life.

This makes the pulses beate, and lungs respire,
 This holds the synewes like a bridles Raines,
 And makes the bodie to aduaunce, retire,
 To turne, or stop, as she them slackes, or straines.

The locall
 motion.

Thus the *Soule* tunes the *bodies* Instrument;
 These harmonies she makes with *life* and *sense*;
 The organes fit are by the bodie lent,
 But th'actions flow from the *Soules* influence.

But now I haue a *will*, yet want a *wit*,
 To expresse the workings of the *wit* and *will*,
 Which though their roote be to the bodie knit,
 Vse not the body, when they vse their skill.

The intelle-
 sual powers
 of the soule.

These powers the nature of the *Soule* declare,
 For to mans *Soule* these onely proper bee;
 For on the earth no other wights there are,
 VVhich haue these heauenly powers, but only wee.

The *wit*, the pupill of the *Soules* cleare eye,
 And in mans world th'onely shining *Starre*;
 Lookes in the mirrour of the phantasie,
 VVhere all the gatherings of the *Senses* are.

The wir or
 vnderstan-
 ding.

From thence this power the shapes of things abstracts,
 And them within her *passive part* receiues;
 Which are enlightned by that part which *acts*,
 And so the formes of single things perceiues.

But after by discoursing to and fro,
 Anticipating, and comparing things;
 She doth all vniuersall natures know,
 And all *effectes* into their *causes* brings.

Reason.

When she *rates* things, & moues frō ground to ground,
 The name of *Reason* she obtaines by this:
 But when by reasons she the truth hath found,
 And *standeth fixt*, she *understanding* is.

Vnderstan-
ding.

Opinion.

When her assent she *lightlie* doth encline
 To either part, she is *opinion light*:
 But when she doth by principles define

Iudgement.

A Certaine truth, she hath *true Iudgements* sight.

And as from *Senses Reasons* worke doth spring,
 So manie *Reasons vnderstanding* gaine,
 And manie *vnderstandings, knowledge* bring;
 And by much *knowledge, wisdom* we obtaine.

So, many staires we must ascend vpright,
 Ere we attaine to *wisdomes* high degree;
 So doth this earth eclipse our reasons light,
 Which else (in instants) would like Angels see.

Yet

Yet hath the *Soule* a dowrie naturall,
And *sparkes of light* some common things to see;
Not being a *blanck* where nought is writ at all,
But what the writer will may written bee.

For nature in mans hart her lawes doth pen;
Prescribing *truth* to *wit*, and *good* to *will*;
Which do *accuse*, or else *excuse* all men,
For euery thought, or practise, good, or ill.

And yet these sparks grow almost infinite,
Making the world, and all therein their food;
As fire so spreads as no place holdeth it,
Being nourisht still, with new supplies of wood.

And though these sparks were almost quēcht with sinne,
Yet they whom that *Iust one* hath Iustifide;
Haue them encreas'd, with heauenly light within,
And like the *widowes oyle* still multiplide.

And as this *wit* should goodnesse trulie know,
We haue a *wit* which that true good should chuse;
Though *will* do oft, (when *wit* false formes doth
Take *ill* for *good*, and *good* for *ill* refuse. (show,)

The power
of will.

Will puts in practise what the *wit* deuifeth;
Will euer acts, and *wit* contemplates still,
And as from *wit* the power of *wisdome* riseth,
All other vertues daughters are of *will*.

The Rela-
tions be-
twixt wit &
will.

Will is the *Prince*, and *wit* the Counsellour,
 Which doth for common good in Councell sit;
 And when *wit* is resolu'd, *will* lends her power,
 To execute, what is aduised by *wit*.

Wit is the minds chief Iudge, which doth Comptroule
 Of *fancies* Court the iudgements false and vaine;
Will holds the royall Scepter in the *soule*,
 And on the passions of the hart doth raigne.

Will is as Free as any Emperour;
 Nought can restrainge her *gentle* libertie:
 No Tyrant, nor no Torment hath the powre,
 To make vs *will*, when we *unwilling* bee.

The intelle-
 ctuall me-
 morie.

To these high powers a Store-house doth pertaine,
 Where they all Arts and generall Reasons lay,
 Which in the *Soule*, even after death remaine,
 And no *Lethæan* Flud can wash away.

This is the *Soule*, and those her vertues bee,
 Which though they haue their sundry proper ends,
 And one exceeds another in degree,
 Yet each on other mutually depends.

Our *wit* is geuen, *Almightie* God to know;
 Our *will* is giuen to loue him being *knowne*;
 But God could not be *knowne* to vs below,
 But by his *works*, which through the *sense* are shown;
 And

And as the *wit* doth reape the fruits of *sense*;
 So doth the *quickning* powre the *senses* feed;
 Thus while they do their sundrie gifts dispende;
 The best the seruice of the least doth need.

Euen so the King his Magistrats do serue;
 Yet commons feede both Magistrate and King;
 The cōmons peace the Magistrats preserue; (spring.
 By borrowed power, which from the Prince doth

The *quickning* power would be, and so would rest;
 The *sense* would not be only, but be well;
 But *wits* ambition longeth to be best,
 For it desires in endlesse blisse to dwell.

And these three powers three sorts of men do make;
 For some like plants their veines do only fill;
 And some like beasts their senses pleasure take;
 And some like Angels do Contemplate still.

Therefore the fables turnd some men to flowers,
 And others did with brutish formes inuest,
 And did of others make Celestiall powers,
 Like Angels, which still trauell, yet still rest.

Yet these three powrs are not three *Soules*, but one;
 As one and two are both containd' in *three*,
Three being one number by it selfe alone,
 A shadow of the blessed Trinitie.

An Accla-
mation.

Q what is man (great maker of mankind)
That thou to him so great respect dost beare?
That thou adornst him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and euen an Angels peere?

O what a liuelie life, what heavenly power,
What spreading vertue, what a sparkling Fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dowre,
Do'st thou within this dying Flesh inspire.

Thou leau'st thy print in other workes of thine,
But thy whole image thou in man hast writ;
There cannot be a creature more diuine,
Except (like thee) it should be infinit.

But it exceeds mans thought, to think how high
God hath raizd *man*, since *God a man* became;
The Angels do admire this *mysterie*,
And are astonisht when they view the same.

That the
soule is im-
mortall, and
cannot die.

Nor hath he giuen these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the bodies life depend;
The *Soule*, though made in time, *Survives for aye*,
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

Her onely end, is *newer ending blisse*;
Which is, *th'eternall Face of God to see*;
Who *last of ends*, and *first of causes is*,
And to do this, she must *eternall bee*.

How

How senslesse then and dead a *soule* hath hee,
Which *thinks* his *soule* doth with his bodie dye?
Or *thinks* not so, but so would haue it bee,
That he might sinne with more securitie?

For though these light and vicious persons *say*,
Our *soule* is but a smoke, or aiery blast,
Which during life doth in our nostrils play,
And when we die, doth turne to wind at last;

Although they *say*, come, *let vs eat and drinke*,
Our life is but a sparke, which quicklie dyes;
Though thus they *say*, they know not what *to thinke*,
But in their minds ten thousand doubts arise.

Therefore no heretikes desire to spread
Their light opinions, like these *Epicures*;
For so their staggering thoughts are comforted,
And other mens assent their doubt assures.

Yet though these men against their conscience strive,
There are some sparkles in their flintie breasts,
Which cannot be extinct, but still reuiue,
That though they would, they cannot quite be beasts.

But who so makes a mirror of his mind,
And doth with patience view himselfe therein,
His *soules* eternitie shall cleerly find,
Though th' other beauties be defac't with sinne.

1 Reason.
Drawne frō
the desire of
knowledge.

*First in mans minde we finde an appetite
To learne and know the truth of euerie thing,
Which is connaturall, and borne with it,
And from the Essence of the Soule doth spring.*

*With this desire she hath a natiue might
To finde out euerie truth, if she had time
Th'innumerable effectes to sort aright,
And by degrees from cause to cause to clime.*

*But since our life so fast away doth slide,
As doth a hungry Eagle through the wind,
Or as a Ship transported with the tide,
Which in their passage leaue no print behind;*

*Of which swift litle time so much we spend, (straine;
While some few things we through the sense do
That our short race of life is at an end,
Ere we the principles of skill attaine,*

*Or God (which to vaine ends hath nothing done)
In vaine this appetite and power hath giuen,
Or else our knowledge which is here begon,
Hereafter must be perfected in heauen.*

*God neuer gaue a power to one whole kind,
But most part of that kinde did vse the same;
Most eyes haue perfect sight, though some be blind;
Most leggs can nymblly run, though some be lame;
But*

But in this life no *Soule* the truth can know
 So perfectly, as it hath power to do;
 If then perfection be not found below,
 An higher place must make her mount thereto.

Againe, how can she but immortall bee?
 When with the motions of both *will* and *wit*,
 She still aspireth to eternitie,
 And neuer rests, till she attaine to it?

a. Reason.
 Drawn from
 the motiō of
 the Soule.

Water in Conduit pipes can rise no higher
 Then the well head, from whence it first doth spring;
 Then since to eternall God she doth aspire,
 She cannot be but an eternall thing.

“ All mouing things to other things do moue
 “ Of the same kind, which shewes their nature such;
 So *earth* falls downe, and *fire* doth mount aboue,
 Till both their proper Elements do touch.

And as the moisture which the thirstie earth
 Suckles from the sea, to fill her emptie veines,
 From out her wombe at last doth take a birth,
 And runnes a *Nymph* along the grassie plaines;

The Soule
 compared to
 a Riner.

Long doth she stay, as loath to leaue the land,
 From whose soft side she first did issue make;
 She tastes all places, turnes to euery hand,
 Her flowrie bankes vnwilling to forsake;

Yet *nature* so her streames doth leade and carry,
 As that her course doth make no finall stay,
 Till she her selfe vnto the *Ocean* marry,
 Within whose watry bosome first she lay;

Euen so the *Soule*, which in this earthy mould
 The Spirit of God doth secretlie infuse;
 Because at first she doth the earth behould,
 And onely this materiall world she viewes;

At first our *mother earth* she holdeth dere,
 And doth embrace the world and worldly things;
 She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
 And mounts not vp, with her celestiall wings.

Yet vnder heauen she cannot light on ought,
 That with her heauenly *nature* doth agree;
 She cannot rest, she cannot fixe her thought,
 She cannot in this world contented bee.

For who did euer yet in *honor, wealth,*
 Or *pleasure of the Sense* contentment find?
 Who euer ceas'd to wish, when he had *health*?
 Or hauing *wisdome*, was not vext in mind?

Then as a *Bee* which among weeds doth fall
 Which seeme sweet floures, with lustre fresh, & gay,
 She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all,
 But pleas'd with none, doth rise and sore away;

So

So when the *soule* finds here no true content,
And like *Noahs* Doue can no sure footing take,
She doth returne from whence she first was sent,
And flies to *him* that first her wings did make.

*VV*it, seeking *truth*, from cause, to cause ascends,
And neuer rests, till it the *first* attaine;
*VV*ill, seeking *good*, finds many middle ends,
But neuer stayes, till it the *last* do gaine.

Now God the *Truth* and *first of causes* is,
God is the *last good end* which lasteth still,
Being *Alpha* and *omega* nam'd for this,
Alpha to wit, *omega* to the will.

Sith then her heavenly kind she doth bewray,
In that to God she doth directly moue;
And on no mortall thing can make her stay,
She cannot be from hence, but from *aboue*.

And yet this *first true cause*, and *last good end*,
She cannot heare so well, and truly see;
For this perfection she must yet attend,
Till to her *maker* she espoused bee.

As a *Kings* daughter, being in person sought
Of diuerse Princes, which do Neighbour neare,
On none of them can fixe a constant thought,
Though she to all do lend a gentle eare;

Yet can she loue a Forraine *Emperour*,
 Whom of great worth, and powre she heares to be,
 If she be woo'd but by *Embassadour*,
 Or but his *letters*, or his *picture* sees;

For well she knowes, that when she shalbe brought
 Into the *Kingdome*, where her *spouse* doth raigne,
 Her eyes shall see, what she conceiu'd in thought,
 Himselfe, his state, his glorie, and his traine;

So while the *virgin Soule* on *Earth* doth stay,
 She woo'd and tempted is ten thousand wayes,
 By these great powers, which on the *earth* beare way,
 The *wisedome* of the world, *wealth*, *pleasure*, *praise*.

With these sometime she doth her time beguile,
 These do by fits her phantasie possesse;
 But she distasts them all within a while,
 And in the sweetest finds a Tedioufnesse.

But if vpon the worlds Almighty king,
 She once do fixe her humble louing thought,
 Which by his *picture* drawne in euery thing,
 And *sacred messages* her *loue* hath sought;

Of him she thinks she cannot thinke too much,
 This hony tasted still, is euer sweete;
 The pleasure of her rauisht thought is such,
 As almost here, she with her blisse doth meete.

But

But when in heauen she shall his *Essence* see,
 This is her *soveraigne good*, and *perfect blisse*,
 Her longings, wishings, hopes, all finisht bee,
 Her ioyes are full, her Motions rest in this;

There is she Crownd with garlands of *content*,
 There doth she Manna eate, and Nectar drinke;
 That presence doth such high delights present,
 As neuer tongue could speake, nor hart could think.

For *this* the better *Soules* do oft despise
 The bodies death, and do it oft desire:
 For when on ground the burthened ballance lyes,
 The emptie part is lifted vp the higher.

3. Reason.
 Frō conceit
 of death in
 the better
 sort of spirits

But if the bodies death the *Soule* should kill,
 Then death must needs *against her nature* bee;
 And were it so, all *Soules* would flie it still,
 " For Nature hates and shunneth her contrarie.

For all things else, which Nature makes to bee,
 Their *being* to preserve are chiefly taught;
 For though some things desire a chaunge to see,
 " Yet neuer thing did long to turne to nought.

If then by death the *Soule* were quenched quite,
 She could not thus *against her nature* runne;
 Since euery senslesse thing by Natures light,
 Doth preservation seeke, destruction shunne.

Nor could the worlds best spirits so much erre,
 If death tooke all, that they should all agree,
 Before this life their *honor* to preferre;
 For what is praise to things that nothing bee?

Againe, if by the bodies prop she stand,
 If on the bodies life, her life depend,
 As *Meleagers* on the fatall brand,
 The bodies good she onely would intend.

We should not find her halfe so braue and bold,
 To leade it to the warres, and to the Seas;
 To make it suffer watchings, hunger, cold,
 When it might feed with plenty, rest with ease.

Doubtlesse all *Soules* haue a suruiuing thought;
 Therefore of death we thinke with quiet mind;
 But if we thinke of *being turnd to nought*,
 A trembling horror in our *Soules* we find.

4. Reason.
 From the
 feare of
 death in the
 wicked
 Soules.

And as the better spirit, when she doth beare
 A scorne of death, doth shew she cannot dye;
 So when the wicked *Soule* deaths face doth feare,
 Euen then she proues her owne Eternity.

For when deaths forme appeares, she feareth not
 An vtter quenching, or extinguishment;
 She would be glad to meete with such a lot,
 That so she might all future ill preuent;

But

But she doth doubt what after may befall;
For natures law accuseth her within,
And saith, Tis true that is affirm'd by all,
That after Death there is a paine for sinne.

Then she which hath bene hudwinckt from her birth,
Doth first her selfe within deaths mirrour see;
And when her bodie doth returne to earth,
She first takes care, how she alone shalbe.

Who euer sees these irreligious men,
With burthen of a sicknesse weake and faint;
But heares them talking of religion then,
And vowing of their *Soules* to euery Saint?

When was there euer cursed *Atheist* brought
Vnto the *Gibbet*, but he did adore
That blessed power, which he had set at nought;
Scorn'd and blasphemed, all his life before?

These light vaine persons still are drunke and mad,
With surfettings, and pleasures of their youth;
But at their deaths they are fresh, sober, sad,
Then they discern, and then they speake the truth.

If then all *Soules* both good and bad do teach,
With generall voyce, that *soules* can neuer dye;
Tis not mans flattering glose, but *natures speech*,
Which like *Gods* oracle, can neuer lye.

5. Reason.
Frō the ge-
rall desire of
Immortality

Hence springs that vniuersall strong desire,
Which all men haue of Immortalitie;
Not some Few spirits vnto this thought aspire,
But all mens minds in this vnited bee.

Then this desire of Nature is not vaine,
“ She couets not Impossibilities;
“ Fond thoughts may fall into some Idle braine,
“ But one *Assent* of all, is euer wise.

From hence that generall care and studie springs,
That *launching* and *progression of the mind*,
Which all men haue so much of Future things,
As they no ioy do in the present find.

From this desire, that maine desire proceeds,
Which all men haue, suruiuing Fame to gaine,
By *Tombes*, by *Bookes*, by memorable *Deedes*,
For she that this desires, doth still remaine.

Hence lastly springs Care of posterities,
For things their kind would euerlasting make;
Hence is it, that old men do plant young Trees,
The fruite whereof another age shall take.

If we these Rules vnto our selues apply,
And view them by reflection of the mind;
All these true notes of Immortalitie,
In our *Hearts Tables* we shall written find.

And

And though some impious wits do questions moue,
And doubt if *Soules* immortall be or no;
That *doubt* their Immortalitie doth proue,
Because they seeme immortall things to know.

6. Reason.
From the very
doubt and
disputation
of Immorta-
litie,

For he which reasons on both parts doth bring,
Doth some things mortall, some immortall call;
Now if himselfe were but a mortall thing,
He could not Iudge immortall things at all.

For when we Iudge, our minds we mirrours make;
And as those glassees which materiall bee,
Formes of materiall things do onely take,
For thoughts or minds in them we cannot see;

So when we God and Angels do conceiue,
And thinke of *truth* which is eternall to;
Then do our minds immortall formes receiue,
Which if they mortall were, they could not do.

And as if beasts conceiud what Reason were,
And that conception should distinctly show;
They should the name of *reasonable* beare,
For without *Reason* none could *reason* know.

So when the *Soule* mounts with so high a wing,
As of eternall things she *doubts* can moue;
She proofes of her eternitie doth bring,
Euen when she strides the contrary to proue.

For euen the *thought* of Immortalitie,
Being an act done without the bodies aide,
Shewes that her selfe alone could moue, and bee,
Although the body in the graue were laide.

And if her selfe she can so lively moue,
And neuer need a forraine helpe to take,
Then must her motion euerlasting proue,
Because her selfe she neuer can forsake.

That the
Soule canot
be destroyed

But though corruption cannot touch the mind,
By any cause that from it selfe may spring;
Some outward cause fate hath perhaps designd,
Which to the *Soule* may vtter quenching bring.

Her cause
confesseth not.

Perhaps her *cause* may cease, and she may die;
God is her *cause*, his *word* her maker was,
Which shall stand fixt for all eternitie,
When heauen and earth shall like a shadow passe.

She hath no
contrary.

Perhaps some thing repugnant to her kind,
By strong *Antipathy* the *Soule* may kill;
But what can be *contrarie* to the mind,
Which holds all *contraries* in concord still?

She lodgeth heate, and cold, and moist, and drye,
And life, and death, and peace, and warre together;
Ten thousand fighting things in her do lye,
Yet neither troubleth or disturbeth either.

Perhaps

Perhaps for want of foode the *Soule* may pine;
 But that were strange, since all things *had* and *good*,
 Since all Gods creatures *mortall* and *divine*,
 Since *God himselfe* is her eternall food.

She cannot
 dye for want
 of food.

Bodies are fed with things of mortall kind,
 And so are subiect to mortalitie;
 But *truth*, which is eternall, feeds the mind;
 The *tree of life* which will not let her dye.

Yet violence perhaps the *Soule* destroyes;
 As lightaing or the *Sun-beames* dimme the sight;
 Or as a thunder-clap or Cannons noyse,
 The powre of hearing doth astonish quite.

Violence ca
 not destroy
 her.

But high perfection to the *Soule* it brings,
 Tencounter things most excellent and high;
 For when she viewes the best and greatest things,
 They do not hurt, but rather cleare her eye.

Besides as *Homers Gods* gainst Armies stand,
 Her subtle forme can through all dangers slide;
 Bodies are *captine*, minds endure no band,
 And will is free, and can no force abide.

But lastly, *Time* perhaps at last hath power
 To spend her liuely powers, and quench her light;
 But old God *Saturne* which doth all deuour,
 Doth cherish her, and still augment her might.

Time cannot
 destroy her.

Heauen waxeth old, and all the *Sphaeres* about
Shall one day faint, and their swift motion stay;
And *Time* it selfe in *Time* shall cease to moue;
Onely the *Soule* suruiues, and liues for aye.

“ Our bodies euery footstep that they make,
“ March towards death, vntill at last they dye;
“ Whether we worke, or play, or sleep, or wake,
“ Our life doth passe, and with *times* wings doth flie.

But to the *Soule* Time doth perfection giue,
And adsfresh lustre to her beautie still;
And makes her in eternall youth to liue,
Like her which Nectar to the Gods doth fill.

The more she liues, the more she feeds on *truth*,
The more she feeds, her *strength* doth more increase;
And what is *strength*, but an effect of youth?
Which if *time* nurse, how can it euer cease?

Obiections
against the
Immortali-
tie of the
Soule.

But now these *Epicures* begin to smile,
And say, my doctrine is more safe then true;
And that I fondly do my selfe beguile,
While these receiu'd opinions I ensue.

1. Obiectio. For what, say they, doth not the *Soule* wax old?
How comes it then, that aged men do doate?
And that their braines grow sottish, dull, and cold,
Which were in youth the onely spirits of noate?
What?

What? are not *Soules* within themselves corrupted?
 How can there *Idiots* then by Nature bee?
 How is it that some wits are interrupted,
 That now they dazled are, now clearly see?

These Questions make a subtile Argument, Answer.
 To such as thinke both *sense* and *reason* one;
 To whom nor agent, from the Iustruments,
 Nor power of working, from the worke is knowne.

But they that know that wic can show no skill,
 But when the things in *senses* glasse doth view,
 Do know, if accident this glasse do spill,
 It *nothing* sees, or sees the false for true.

For if that region of the tender braine,
 Wherein th' inward sense of phantasie should haue,
 And th' outward senses gatherings should retaine,
 By nature, or by chaunce, become unfit,

Either at first incapable it is,
 And so few things or none at all receiues,
 Or mard by accident, which hap amisse,
 And so amisse it every thing perceiues.

Then as a cunning Prince that vseth *Spies*,
 If they returne no newes, doth nothing know;
 But if they make aduertizement of Lyes,
 The Princes counsell all awrie do go;

Euens to the *Soule* to such a body knit,
Whose inward senses vndisposed bee,
And to receiue the formes of things vnfit,
Where nothing is brought in, can nothing see.

This makes the Idiot, which hath yet a mind,
Able to *know* the truth, and *chuse* the good,
If she such figures in the braine did find,
As might be found, if it in temper stood.

But if a *Phrensie* do possesse the braine,
It so disturbes and blots the formes of things,
As phantasie proues altogether vaine,
And to the wit no true relation brings.

Then doth the wit admitting all for true,
Build fond conclusions on those idle grounds;
Then doth it flie the good, and ill pursue,
Beleeuing all that this false *Spie* propounds.

But purge the humors, and the rage appease,
Which this distemper in the fancie wrought,
Then *will* the wit, which neuer had disease,
Discourse, and Iudge discretely as it ought.

So though the clouds eclips the *Suns* faire light,
Yet from his face they do not take one beame;
So haue our eyes their perfect power of sight,
Euens when they looke into a troubled streame.

Then

Then these defects in *Senses* organes bee,
Not in the *Soule*, or in her working might;
She cannot loose her perfect power to see,
Though mists, & clouds, do choke her window light.

These Imperfections then we must impute,
Not to the Agent, but the Instrument;
We must not blame *Apolla*, but his lute,
If false accords from her false strings be sent.

The *Soule* in all hath one Intelligence;
Though too much moisture in an Infants braine,
And too much drinesse in an old mans sense,
Cannot the prints of outward things retaine.

Then doth the *Soule* want worke, and idle sit,
And this we *childishnesse*, and *dotage* call;
Yet hath she then a quicke and active wit,
If she had stufte and tooles to worke withall.

For, giue her organes fit, and objects faire;
Giue but the aged man the yong mans sense;
Let but *Medea* *Escons* youth repaire,
And straight she shewes her wonted excellence.

As a good harper stricken farre in yeares,
Into whose cunning hands the gowte is fall;
All his old Crochers in his braine he beares,
But on his harpe playes ill, or not at all.

But if *Apollo* take his gowte away,
 That he his nymble fingers may applie,
Apolloes selfe will enuie at his play,
 And all the world applaud his minstralie.

Then *dotage* is no weakenesse of the mind;
 But of the *Sense*: for if the mind did wast,
 In all old men we should this wasting find,
 When they some certaine terme of yeares had past.

But most of them euen to their dying howre,
 Retaine a mind more liuely, quick, and strong,
 And better vse their vnderstanding power, (yong.
 The when their braines were warme, & limmes were

For though the body wasted be and weake,
 And though the leaden forme of earth it beares,
 Yet when we heare that halfe-dead body speake,
 We oft are rauisht to the heavenly *spheres*.

Obiection. Yet say these men, if all her organes dye,
 Then hath the *Soule* no power her powers to vse;
 So in a sort her powers extinct do lye,
 When vnto *act* she cannot them reduce.

And if her powers be dead, then what is she?
 For since from euery thing some powers do spring,
 And from those powers some *act* proceeding bee,
 Then kill both power, and *act*, and kill the thing.

Doubtlesse

Doubtlesse the bodies death, when once it dies,
The instruments of sense and life doth kill;
So that she cannot vse those faculties,
Although their roote rest in her substance still. Answer.

But (as the body liuing,) *wit* and *will*
Can *iudge* and *chuse*, without the bodies ayde;
Though on such objects they are working still,
As through the bodies organs are conuayde.

So when the body serues her turne no more,
And all her *Senses* are extinct and gone,
She can discourse of what she learn'd before,
In heavenly contemplations all alone.

So if one man well on a lute doth play,
And haue good horsemanship, and learnings skill,
Though both his lute and horse we take away,
Doth he not keepe his former learning still?

He keeps it doubtlesse, and can vse it to;
And doth both th'other *skills* in power retaine,
And can of both the proper actions do,
If with his lute or horse he meete againe.

So (though the instruments by which we liue,
And view the world, the bodies death do kill;
Yet with the body they shall all reuiue,
And all their wonted offices fulfill.

3. Obiection. *But how* till then shall she her selfe imploy? (before;
 Her spies are dead, which brought home newes
 What she hath got and keepes, she may enioy,
 But she hath meanes to vnderstand no more.

Then what do those poore *Soules* which nothing get?
 Or what do those which get and cannot keepe?
 Like Buckets bottomlesse, which all out let;
 Those *Soules* for want of exercise must sleepe.

Answer. *See how* mans *Soule* against it selfe doth strue;
 Why should we not haue other meanes to know?
 As children while within the wombe they liue
 Feede by the nauill; here they feede not so.

These children, if they had some vse of sense,
 And should by chance their mothers talking heare,
 That in short time they shall come forth from thence,
 Would feare their birth, more then our death we
 (feare.

They would cry out, if we this place shall leaue,
 Then shall we breake our tender nauill strings;
 How shall we then our nourishment receiue,
 Since our sweet food no other conduit brings?

And if a man should to these babes reply;
 That into this faire world they shalbe brought,
 Where they shall see the earth, the Sea, the sky;
 The glorious Sun, and all that God hath wrought;
 That

That there ten thousand dainties they shall meete;
Which by their mouths they shal with pleasure take,
Which shalbe cordiall too, aswell as sweete,
And of their litle lymbes tall bodies make.

This would they thinke a fable, euen as we
Do thinke the *Storie* of the *golden age*;
Or as some sensuall spirits amongst vs be,
Which hold the *world to come*, a *fained stage*.

Yet shall these infants after find all true,
Though then thereof they nothing could conceiue;
As soone as they are borne the world they view,
And with their mouthes the nurfes milke receiue.

So when the *Soule* is borne (for death is nought,
But the *Soules* birth, and so we should it call)
Ten thousand things she sees beyond her thought,
And in an vnknowne maner knowes them all.

Then doth she see by Spectacles no more,
She heares not by report of double spies;
Her selfe in instants doth all things explore,
For each thing present, and before her lyes.

But still this crew with questions me pursues :
If *Soules* decaisd (say they) still liuing bee,
Why do they not returne, to bring vs newes
Of that strange world, where they such wonders see?

4. Obiection

Answer.

Fond men if we belecue, that men do liue
Vnder the *Zenith* of both frozen *Poles*,
Though none come thence aduertizement to giue,
Why beare we not the like faith of our *Soules*?

The *Soule* hath here on earth no more to do,
Then we haue businesse in our mothers wombe;
What child doth couet to returne thereto?
Although all children first from thence do come?

But as *Noahs* pigeon which returnd no more,
Did shew the footing found for all the flud;
So when good *Soules* departed through deaths dore
Come not againe, it shewes their dwelling good.

And doubtlesse such a *Soule* as vp doth mount,
And doth appeare before her Makers face,
Holds this vile world in such a base account,
As she looks downe, & scornes this wretched place.

But such as are detruded downe to hell,
Either for shame they still themselves retire;
Or tyed in chaines, they in close prison dwell,
And cannot come, although they much desire.

5. Obiection. Well well say these vaine spirits, though vaine it is
To thinke our *Soules* to heauen or hell do go,
Politique men haue thought it not amisse,
To spread this *tye*, to make men vertuous so.

Do you then thinke this *morall vertue* good?
 I thinke you do; euen for your priuate gaine;
 For common wealths by *vertue* euer stood,
 And common good the priuate doth containe.

If then this *vertue* you do loue so well,
 Haue you no meanes her practize to maintaine,
 But you this *lye* must to the people tell,
 That good *Soules* liue in ioy, and ill in paine?

Must *vertue* be preserued by a *lye*?
Vertue and *Truth* do euer best agree;
 By this it seemes to be a veritie,
 Since the effects so good and vertuous bee.

For as the Diuell father is of lyes,
 So vice and mischiefe do his lyes ensue;
 Then this good doctrine did not he deuise,
 But made this *lye*, which saith it is not true.

For how can that be false, which every tong
 Of euery mortall man, affirms for true?
 Which truth hath in all ages bene so strong,
 As lodestone-like all harts it euer drew.

The generall
 consent of all.

For not the *Christian*, or the *Jew* alone,
 The *Persian*, or the *Turke*, acknowledge this,
 This mysterie to the wild *Indian* knowne,
 And to the *Canniball* and *Tartar* is.

This rich *Asirian* drugge growes euery where,
 As common in the *North*, as in the *East*;
 This doctrine doth not enter by the *care*,
 But of it selfe is natieue in the breast.

None that acknowledge God, or prouidence,
 Their *Soules* eternitie did euer doubt,
 For all *religion* takes her roote from hence,
 Which no poore naked nation liues without.

For since the world for man created was,
 (For onely man the vse thereof doth know)
 If man do perish like a withered grasse,
 How doth Gods wisdome order things below?

And if that wisdome still wise ends propound,
 Why made he man of other creatures king?
 When (if he perish here) there is not found,
 In all the world so poore and vile a thing?

If death do quench vs quite, we haue great wrong;
 Since for our seruice all things else were wrought,
 That *Daves*, and *Trees*, and *Rocks*, should last so long,
 When we must in an instant passe to nought.

But blest be that *great power*, that hath vs blest,
 With longer life then heauen or earth can haue;
 Which hath enfsld into one mortall brest
Immortall powers, not subiect to the graue.

For

For though the *Soule* do seeme her graue to beare,
 And in this world is almost buried quick,
 We haue no cause the bodies death to feare,
 For when the shell is broke, out comes a chick.

For as the *Soules Essentiall* powers are three,
 The *quickning* power, the *power of Sense*, and *Reason*,
 Three kinds of life to her designed bee,
 Which perfect these three powers in their due season.

Three kinds
 of life an-
 swerable to
 the three
 powers of
 the soule.

The first life in the mothers wombe is spent,
 Where she her *nursing power* doth onely vse;
 Where when she finds defect of nourishment,
 Sh' expels her body, and this world she viewes.

This we call *Birth*, but if the child could speake,
 He *death* would call it, and of nature plaine,
 That she would thrust him out naked, and weake,
 And in his passage pinch him with such paine.

Yet out he comes, and in this world is plac't,
 Where all his *Senses* in perfection bee,
 Where he finds flowers to smell, and fruits to tast,
 And sounds to heare, and sundry formes to see.

When he hath past some time vpon this *Sage*,
 His *reason* then a litle seemes to wake,
 Which though the spring whē sense doth fade with
 Yet can she here, no perfect practise make. (age,

Then doth th' aspiring *Soule* the body leaue,
Which we call *death*; but were it knowne to all,
What *life* our *Soules* do by this *death* receaue,
Men would it *Birth*, or *Gaole deliuerie* call.

In this third life Reason will be so bright,
As that her sparke will like the *Sun-beames* shine,
And shall of God enjoy the reall sight,
Being still increast by influence diuine.

An Accla-
mation.

O *ignorant* poore man, what doost thou beare,
Lock't vp within the Casket of thy breast?
What Jewels, and what riches hast thou there?
What heavenly treasure in so weake a cheast?

Looke in thy *Soule*, and thou shalt *beauties* find,
Like those which drownd *Narcissus* in the floud,
Honor, and *Pleasure* both are in thy mind,
And all that in the world is counted good.

Thinke of her worth, and thinke that God did meane,
This worthy mind should worthy things embrace;
Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts vncleane,
Nor her dishonor with thy passions bale;

Kill not her *quickning power* with surfetings,
Mar not her *sense* with Sensualitie,
Cast not her serious *wit* on idle things,
Make not her free *will* slaue to vanitie.

And when thou thinkst of her *eternitie*,
Thinke not that *death* against her nature is;
Thinke it a *birth*: and when thou goest to die,
Sing like a Swan, as if thou wentst to blisse.

And if thou like a Child didst feare before,
Being in the darke, where thou didst nothing see;
Now I haue brought the *torch-light*, feare no more,
Now when thou Diest, thou canst not hudwinkt bee.

And thou my *Soule*, which turnst thy Curious eye,
To view the beames of thine owne forme diuine,
Know, that thou canst know nothing perfectly,
While thou art Clouded with this flesh of mine.

Take heed of *ouer-weening*, and compare
Thy Peacocks feet with thy gay Peacocks traine:
Studie the best, and highest things that are,
But of thy selfe an humble thought retaine;

Cast downe thy selfe, and onely strue to raise
The glorie of thy Makers sacred name;
Vse all thy powers, that blessed power to praise,
VWhich giues thee power to *be*, and *vse the same*.

FINIS.

M